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The Trinity Review, December 1949

Trinity College

Review

Volume IV No. 1

J. D. McClister J. Fandel
B. W. Jenkins O. T. Plumb
H. Burke M. Billingsley

"My cigarette? Camels, of course!"

GOWN BY ATHENA—
JEWELS BY GERSHGORN.

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and *only* Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING **CAMELS!**

APOLOGIA

We're amused at the trend of "requests for copy" in college magazines; the squibs become shorter as the magazine becomes older and established. Perhaps presumptuously, we will be brief in our reminder: Submit manuscripts for Vol. IV, No. 2 by March 1, 1950 to Box 198.

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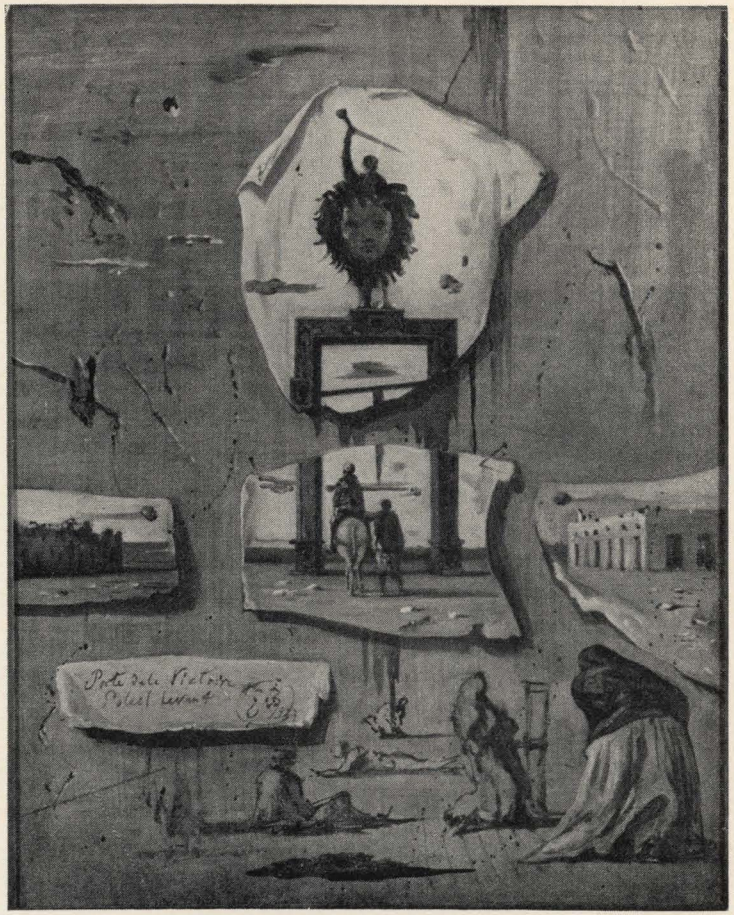
M. CORREA (Active 1667-1673)
Still Life, the Painter's Studio



E. BERMAN (1899-)
Gate of Victory, Sunrise

From the loan exhibition at the Wadsworth Atheneum (Hartford, Conn.), Pictures within Pictures, which closes December 31, and printed here by its courtesy.

Book Review:

RETREAT FROM LIKENESS

F. Scott Billyou

THERE are two types of persons today who view contemporary modern art with sharply differing attitudes: those who support it, as the only valid form of art or as an important branch of expression, and those who deny it, as a fetish or being non-art. The extreme supporter is as tiresome as the emphatic condemner, but between these two is a group of art-lovers who are confused and interested. Dr. Blanshard without proselytizing has written this book for them. Her title is properly self-limiting and oddly enough tells what the book is about, *The Retreat From Likeness in the Theory of Painting.*

There might be one who says of a portrait "That's a good likeness" and infer that the painting is good. He would decide the painting's value on the degree to which it reproduces nature in two dimensions. Aesthetically, that is a pretty naive attitude. Opponents to realism have used such arguments ranging from "reproducing nature is not moral" to "leave reproduction to the scientifically sterile camera." Some support realism with "the discipline required is to be admired" and "a speaking likeness is the only type of painting one can enjoy." We all know the charming realistic reproductions of New England farmhouses, hills, sunsets, and "Lovers Lanes" which appear in all the summer exhibitions. The human statues in the circuses are just as charming, and admirable for the same use of human discipline, realistic reproduction.

This simple attitude of the copy theory was eventually extended to allow the didactic attitude. The great painter must reproduce an object with the intention of recreating his sensations. Ruskin in his lecture "The Relation of Art to Religion" says, "The highest thing that art can do is to set before you the true image of the presence of a noble human being. It has never done more than this, and it ought never do less." Consider the similarity this has with the traditional position of poetry. Also notice the bond calendar artists, needlepoint poets, pornographers, advertisers have with these lofty traditionalists. Why then does anyone feel that painting and poetry is good if its role is only to create intended sensations—ennobling or degenerating?

The copy theory only continues the confusion concerning art: "Where art proper is concerned, there is no incitement to action, hence no need of moral scrutiny. The difficulty comes with paintings which serve a dual end, the work of men who are not only preachers and promoters, but artists in spite of themselves." Dr. Blanshard points out that the persistent success of the copy theory is eventually grounded on the fact that illusion does not become delusion. Coleridge said about this, "If there be a likeness to nature without any check of difference, the result is disgusting, and the more complete the disillusion, the more loathsome the effect." Mrs. Blanshard suggests the disagreeable impression made by waxwork figures as an example.

There are aesthetic, logical and moral objections to the copy theory, some of which might have been the basis for an extreme retreat from likeness—though of a negative quality. But there was an easier retreat than reaction. The classical attitude to art, that of Aristotle and Reynolds. A painting must be "related to its model as a universal is related to its class . . . Put in the terminology of classicism and neo-classicism, the artist *imitates* by *generalizing,* and what he imitates is the *form of a species.*" Blake repudiates this attitude and carries the retreat further by saying somewhat violently: "To Generalize is to be an Idiot. To Particularize is the Alone Distinction of Merit . . . General Knowledges are those Knowledges that Idiots possess." Schopenhauer and Plotinus are coupled in the chapter of "The Artist as Mystic" suggesting the further similar retreat from likeness to be found in the two, though one has a sweetness of spirit and the other a frustration and gloom. They spoke against "great subjects," and for the ultimate all importance of the character and quality of the artist's vision.

As the romantic movement grew during the Nineteenth Century with its effusive art and architecture and literature, artists with a logical type of mind increasingly questioned the basis of art. Before, the painter and the poet had the same criteria; they

were sister arts. But a new association was beginning; the artist was thinking in terms of music. "Witness Whistler's title for his three paintings of a woman in a white dress: *Symphony in White.*" Kadinsky later thought in terms of music; color, for him, created sensations not unlike the tones and sounds of musical instruments. "Vermillion . . . rings like a great trumpet or thunders like a drum." And the titles of Kadinsky's paintings: *Composition* and *Improvisation.*

The late 1800's saw the dawn of "the new art." There were the Impressionists (Pissarro, Monet, Renoir, Sisley), Cezzanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin to mention the obvious. These all claimed lineage with Schopenhauer, Classicism, music and so forth. In the chapter, "The Heritage of Abstract Painting," Mrs. Blanchard indicates their art-genealogies and their validity. In the chapter, "The Theory of Abstract Painting" she discusses the terms of contemporary art with patience and ease. Pure and near abstractions, non-figurative, non-objective, non-representational, presentational have been used at various times to describe a group of paintings or at times have been narrowly applied to individual paintings. The author suggests the basis for their use and their meanings.

Dr. Blanshard's study of this retreat is not historical in the chronological sense: the retreat from likeness is a curiously uneven and discordant movement in which at times the trend was forgotten only to be repeated with an exuberance of originality centuries after. Since this is primarily an aesthetic or philosophical problem, the author joins parallel ideas of writers ancient and modern, subordinating the demands of chronology to those of logic. She refutes those trite objections to modern art which say: it is a product of the Twenties and a result of the social upheaval, or it is a very clever hoax perpetrated by the Bohemian. Dr. Blanshard's treatment lacks the pedantry or popularization which usually suggests the unsophisticated apologist. Those who don't quite know what modern art is driving at or those who think it exhiliratingly new will find much with which to expand their attitudes in the brief discussion of *The Retreat from Likeness in the Theory of Painting.*

RETRETAT FROM LIKENESS IN THE THEORY OF PAINTING, Francis Bradshaw Blanshard, Columbia University Press, 178 pp., illustrated. $3.50.

SAPPHICA

Iam iam in obscurum nitidus colorem
aether immutat neque aves ut olim
pervolant caelum liquide novembri
mense canentes,

floribus laetum iam aquilo rosetum,
Hedyle, ludit perinique amoenis:
iam meae vitae teneres amores,
perfida, desunt.

—*A. M.*

ELECTRICITY FROM THE ATOM

Wm. Dickinson MacDonald

OUR civilization is at last on the threshold of the realization of the dream man has had since his inception: an unlimited source of energy, capable of permitting human beings to achieve any magnitude of accomplishment, and thus providing the human race with almost superhuman power. The new source of power is atomic energy, a supply of force obtained by splitting atoms and changing part of their substance into free energy. Though the first manifestation of scientific control of this new energy was the atomic bomb in 1945, scientists have since been working to apply atomic energy to every phase of human endeavor. Perhaps the most advanced—and by far the most promising—new application of atomic energy is for the generation of electricity. Research evidence has shown that electricity from the atom will make possible the technical production of power, permit a large-scale generation of electricity for commercial purposes, show a favorable economic comparison between atomic and present methods of generation, and show manifold advantages and possibilities in industrial and social fields.

Technical production of power from the atom is realized with the splitting of the atoms, the production of energy caused by the splitting process, and the harnessing of this energy. Early in 1935, Professor Ernest O. Lawrence of Yale University transformed a helium atom from an inert entity to a mass of fast-moving and mysterious particles whose significance was not known. This was accomplished by a cyclotron — a device for the bombardment of the atom by an artificial beam of electrons. Soon after these experiments, Dr. Lawrence was able to isolate the uranium atom and to successfully bombard it with an improved cyclotron which he developed to use protons and deuterons instead of electrons. Through the use of the disintegrating beam of the cyclotron it has been found possible to transmute all of the known elements, sometimes by shooting protons or neutrons into their atoms so that they remain, and in other cases by releasing such particles out of bombarded atoms. In either case, new kinds of atoms result. In the former case, the new atoms are of higher, and, in the latter, of lower atomic weight. Though it was not recognized at the time of the first atom-splitting, the cyclotron reduction process marked the beginning of the modern realm in nuclear physics in which the infinite energy of the atom is released.

Since it was found that a constant production of energy by atom-splitting required the use of atoms much heavier than uranium, science began its work of creating artificial heavy atoms from which prodigious amounts of energy might be obtained. Professor John R. Dunning of Columbia University succeeded in splitting an electron-injected uranium atom in 1939, and was able to measure the energy given off—200,000,000 electron volts. Still later, Professor Dunning separated the uranium isotopes 235 and 238, thereby making possible the chain reaction prerequisite to extraction of unlimited energy from the uranium atom. Thus it was discovered that the unstable element—the new uranium 235—provides the most efficient raw material for atomic energy.

The achievement of chain reaction in the atom-splitting process has posed the important problem of harnessing atomic energy for industrial and other purposes. Since any uranium atomic pile, however small, represents such a magnitude of pure energy, it has been found necessary to control the reaction of these piles with protective electrical devices and the most stringent human precautions. Though a completely satisfactory method has not yet been found, a certain degree of control has been attained by regulation of the bombardment process. The perfection of the now-existing regulatory methods will, in time, bring about the extensive use of atomic energy on the domestic scene.

As soon as these minor regulatory obstacles are overcome, the generation of electricity from atomic energy will come into being on a universal scale, and the present forms of generating power—hydro-electric and steam—will be replaced at an unbelievably low cost. Under the present system of power generation, the availability of electricity must be reconciled with the areal capacities of fuel or water power. These factors being variable, they reflect markedly upon the cost of production and the quantity of electricity available. Atomic generation, on the other hand, will permit establishment of its plants anywhere, irrespective of environmental conditions.

That the establishment of atomic generation is close at hand is evidenced by the fact that the Metal-

lurgical Laboratory of the University of Chicago is planning an atomic pile to be operated at a high temperature especially for power generation. Dr. Farrington Daniels, director of the laboratory, reports, "The low temperature at which piles have been operated in production of the fissionable materials used previously is not sufficient when heat for power is the aim." Another scientist, Dr. Ernest G. Linder, of the R.C.A. Laboratories, has built an appartus to derive power from the new radioactive materials. Dr. Linder is using certain radioactive isotopes of the elements europium, caesium, and cobalt. In addition to these advances made toward the replacement of hydro-electric and steam power, Professor John G. Trump of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has already designed a motor which operates in a vacuum and which will be used for the nuclear sources. According to Dr. Trump, the proposed electric generators will provide electricity of a type far too powerful for our present-day motors.

While the estimated cost of atomic generators now exceeds that of present types, the practicality of replacing hydro-electric and steam generators with atomic powered engines will be shown by the eventual reduction in atomic plant building and operating costs, and by the versatility of possible atomic generator sites. In a recent report to U.N.A.E.C., Doctor Bernard M. Baruch said:

> A nuclear power plant can be built for $25,000,000 as compared to $10,000,000 for a steam generator plant of the same capacity and under the same conditions, but the cost per kilowatt hour of electricity can easily be equalized. We believe that nuclear power will permit a greater decentralization of industry and spur industrial development in isolated areas where coal, oil, and gas costs are prohibitive, and where the water supply is inadequate.

In view of the foregoing, it may be presumed that the first atomic generators will be introduced in areas where there are few or no facilities for power generation.

A glance at the economic factors of quantity, cost, and production time of the proposed atomic generator system will show a decided advantage over the hydro-electric and steam systems. In its 1948 report, the Atomic Energy Commission states that with little effort the proposed generators can be made to double or triple their normal output at any given time. Such a flexibility of power capacity would be especially advantageous to new industry and to the expansion of electrically operated railroads.

Once the atomic generator plants are in operation at at least half their total production capacity, the cost to the consumer of the electricity produced will be equal to or slightly lower than hydro-electric or steam generated power. Especially since new deposits of uranium are being found yearly, it is entirely possible that the cost of atomic generated electricity will be much lower than expected. In addition, it has been expected that in the probable event of government control of the atomic piles, the cost to the consumer will be stabilized at the absolute minimum.

Perhaps the most singular factor of economic importance is that of production time. It is estimated by the A.E.C. that the man hours required for the production of one kilowatt hour of electricity will be nearly half the number required under the present generation systems. Said Dr. Lawrence R. Davidson of the A.E.C.:

> While it seems premature to calculate the effects of nuclear generation of electricity on labor, the startling fact is that this new ramification of the power industry will necessitate the reduction of personnel by almost half. Whether government control of the plants will soften this blow to labor is a matter of pure speculation; the vital point remains that, sooner or later, nuclear generation will replace all other types.

Thus, the atomic generation of electricity compares superlatively on nearly every point with the older methods of steam and hydro-electric generation.

From the foregoing outline of the plans and possibilities of nuclear generation of electricity, it may readily be observed that the new type of electrical generation must eventually result in increased production of all industrial products and in a rising living standard wherever the electricity is available. An unnamed member of the U.N.A.E.C. estimates that a general increase of production resulting from nuclear generation will not be effected for at least 20 years, but that when the increase has begun, "it will be of such magnitude that universal prosperity or universal disaster will be the result."

With the electrification of the heretofore unelectrified districts of the world, a rising standard of living must ensue. The advantages of low-cost heat, light, and power will provide the multitudinous labor-saving devices which serve as the hallmark—however doubtful—of an advancing civilization.

Thus, our civilization must, indeed, be on the threshold of the realization of near-superhuman power.

THE LITTLE BIG HORN

Michael Billingsley

Heroes' tales are often told
Of brave deeds done and actions bold,
With some for countries, some for glories—
Mostly all fantastic stories.
Bravest men, the sweetest songs
Still go untold to greater throngs
Who of the nation's unsuspecting,
Brightly hope, are still expecting
All that they have one time heard
Still to be true and none absurd.
Some we praise to glory's height,
Those men whose virtue was to fight
And loose the clash against such odds,
That battle's fame in spite of gods
Would raise their name where all agree
We praise in pure idolatry.

Our story tells of such a man
Whose courage was far greater than
His will to follow or obey;
He wanted all or all the say
To bring to him a large command,
A leader's leader in demand,
Where in position to attack
And pillage, plunder, and to sack
The enemy so he might claim
The glory of a conqueror's name;
For glory was his wont to find,
And never was in human kind
A glory-hunter such as he.
So listen, friends, and you will see
Why Custer's name is fantasy.

The long train of carriages, horses, and men
Upon the brown prairie had never yet been
To the eyes of the Indians seen in array
As now 'cross the grasslands they wound their way;
For this was the grandest, the noblest of all,
The Seventh, the Cavalry famed for the call
To many a battle of Indian lore;
They were heart of the cavalry corps.
There now you could hear the din of the van,
The clanking of guns and the spurs of each man,
The creaking of leather, the pounding of hoofs,
That raised 'cross the plains for the Indians' proof,
A cloud of brown dust that for visible miles
Across windswept prairies was no match for guiles
Of savage intelligence, spreading the clue
That Terry was coming, with Yellow-Hair, too.
For that was the name by which Custer was called
In Indian lands o'er which he enthralled,
A name of all honor, respect, and such fear—
The courage of Custer was known far and near.
Now the Cavalry Corps in its uniformed blue
Moved slowly and grimly toward the western hue,
Its purpose to round-up, for their own "preservation,"
The great hoard of redmen to fill reservations,
To open for white men, the miners and gamblers,
And ranchers and cowboys, and all kinds of ramblers,
The land for expansion, development's sway,
Wherein stood the warrior to block white man's way.

Now far to the west in prairies new-born,
Near the banks of a stream known as Little Big Horn,
Black signals of smoke rose in even succession,
Calling together for one last great session
Dakotahs and Cheyennes, in buffalo search,
With tepees and trappings, canoes made of birch.
And soon there was gathered by this river's shore
A throng of ten thousand, ten thousand and more,
With women and children, two thousands of warriors
Ready to fight for their plainslands and foyers.
Custer had orders to come from the south
And meet Terry and others at Little Big Horn's mouth,
To round-up the foe in the easiest way.

The date was in June, the twenty-sixth day,
The year eighteen hundred and seventy-six;
But seeking the glory he wanted to fix,
He disobeyed orders, arriving ahead
Of the others by two days, meeting instead
The whole camp of red men, hoping to conquer
Them all by himself, and thus capture the honor.

The dawn was just breaking on this fateful morn,
And columns of mounted approached the Big Horn.
The general was told of great camps of Sioux
Just over the hill, not expecting the blue.
The bugle resounded the cavalry charge,
And his troop of two hundred and forty-six large
Galloped over the ridge with their carbines a-blazing.
For Sioux and the Cheyennes all this was amazing
And havoc spread wide through the Indian site,
The braves grabbed their guns and their arrows to fight,
While squaws and their children all shouted in vain
And scampered for tepees enveloped in flame.
But Red-Cloud, and Crazy-Horse, Rain-in-the-Face,
Together with Sitting-Bull rallied the race
And charged on the cavalry, charged the brigade.
For the sake of their tribe and their lands they obeyed.
The crack of the carbine, the dying man's moan
All roared o'er the battle, an echoing drone,
Dakotahs and Cheyennes in one last attempt
To make all their prairie from white man exempt.

One by one the soldiers fell,
Not one remained to tell the tale.
And now the savage cries have gone,
The rolling plains go rolling on.
The hill is strewn with uniformed blue
Two hundred and more, all soldiers true,
Led to death by Custer's command
And defeated by a nobler band.

ODE TO MY BIRTHDAY

One score save one,
And I am but one
Under the sun
For the fates to shun.

—Ogden T. Plumb.

REFLECTIONS

As the sea cherishes the shore
with constant caressing,
As the white-breasted pigeon
seeks always its nesting
Like the sea-salted mariner
searching the beacon's vision,
As a pain-whitened mother
prays for a birth,
As inspired hands on a cedar dulcimer
plucked forth toned verse,
So love I a life
that shows me these things.

—Ogden T. Plumb.

KANSAS FARM

B. W. Jenkins

FOR the love a' heaven, boy, move that there barrel offen the back stoop er she'll git blowed off! Effie, you'n your Mother take care the house 'n I'll git Melvin to help me fetch in the cows."

"Yes, Paw. Shall we storm-set the windows er leave 'em be? Last time the shutters blowed right through the glass 'n broke the crockery."

The tall, bronzed farmer looked heavenward and sniffed apprehensively. "Don't smell like too bad a blow. Clamp 'em up. Melvin! Shake a leg, boy. We got chores to do."

A small but sturdy young boy darted around the corner of the weathered, paint-chipped house, fell in beside his father, and the two strode off. The boy's stubby legs half trotted to keep up with his dad's steady lope; past the barn, which had once been red and had seen better days, and through the chicken yard with its crumbling hen house showing signs of previous tornadoes. The chickens evidently sensed the coming storm—the yard was a picture of utter confusion. The strutting roosters, usually masters of any situation, now aided the bedlam, flopping back and forth and setting the clucking hens in motion.

As the two moved along the east fence towards the pasture, the sky suddenly changed. Instead of its usual Kansas blue, it assumed that sickly, yellow-green shade that meant only one thing—tornado. As the sky darkened, the wind quickened and rudely flipped the trees back and forth. The fields, with the early wheat just springing up, began to roll like a miniature green ocean. Similarly, the father's pace quickened and the boy broke into a trot.

"Dad, what'd they say at the Center this morning? Gonna be a big one? What'd Uncle Jamie say, huh Pah?"

"Gonna be big. There's the cows. Take the south side and round 'em up. An' hurry—we ain't got much time."

The contrast between Paw's deep bass rumble and Melvin's high yodel as they drove the restless animals along resembled strangely the greatness and majesty of the impending storm and the insignificance of the men trying to fight it. They hurried along now, aware that time was getting short. The skies were a dark pea-green, and everything looked weird in the waning light.

"Git on there, damn ya. Son, don't tell your Ma, but it's gonna be tough. Weather Bureau don't sound good, neither. We gotta shut that storm cellar good 'n take plenty of eats, 'cuz we may be there quite a spell."

The two herded the cattle into the barn. It had that usual barn smell of stored hay, manure, and, now, animals. The floor was worn away from years of use. When all the cows were penned in the center room, the safest should the walls blow down, father and son locked the door and set a heavy beam across it to further insure the safety of the beasts inside.

* * *

"John. John, Effie 'n I got everything set here in the house. Reckon we should put out the stove 'case the house shakes 'n cracks the legs?"

"Now Ma, don't be worryin' 'bout such silly things! 'Course we shan't. It'll all be over in less'n hour. Effie!, come gal. We gotta get in that storm cellar. Melvin, you scrape up some food. I'm feelin' hungry after chasin' them cows."

"Yes Pa. Pa . . .?"

"Never mind now. No questions. Jist hurry."

The small group, ready to stand up to the elements, took a last look at the house and descended the earthen steps into the shelter. Unlike most, it was built away from the house, set out by itself. Father was the last one down, and secured the double door with its three slip-latches, and two cross bolts. Wind could do funny things, especially a tornado, even whip under the tiniest crack in that door and tear it off.

There was little detail in the tiny room. It was square, floored and walled by rough boards pressed into the earth. An old table that had served its usefulness in the parlor stood in one corner. On it were four things; a kerosene lamp, an old hymnal, a prayer book, and the Bible. They were religious people, and often felt the need of this literary trinity. Mother sat in the only chair, another cast-off, and

(Continued on page 18)

TILL KINGDOM COME: LEGENDS FOR AN ELEGY

John Fandel

Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they dream
A paradise for a sect; the savage, too,
From forth the loftiest fashion of his sleep
Guesses at Heaven.

—*Keats.*

For H. H.

I

I count the pangs reminiscing on flowerfalls
Even as the foretold breach of Grace;
Time, hasty leech, plans somersaults
For the vague skull which snickers behind each face.

Yet full flowers fall to seed, Grace towers in time of need,
Time is nothing, the skull a mere problem of breath;
Lithe souls swirl into the bright morning after death,
And the pangs, patrons of doubt, deserve no heed.

But:
"This seeing the sick endears them to us."
You were endeared; nonetheless we,
Debtors of differences and rash vanity,
Who tempt the salvation from a fabulous
Standstill death which keeps us
Put,
Equally adjusted to obscurity,
Feel as the fling of a kiss Love awakening.

Tracing the dangers of sorrow in my palm,
I find and sing your psalm.

II

Fact wore a semblance of Truth:

The bough had a backdrop of blue
As it dangled on high;
Dimly, the sun shimmered through,
But none of the sky.

Truth was the symbol of Fact:

The bough interrupted the blue
Expansion, which high
Sunshine tried to burn through
Blockades of the sky.

Fact nor Truth need tell
Finally why
The bough fell
With the tree and the sun and the sky.

III

More queenly-kind than easily memorable
The daisies' white sargassos swamp the field
With soothes for thistled air, amenable
To surfs of lace; they swathe it sweetly sealed,

But deign no quick approach:
The lover lured by wild
Persuasion of their sumptuous touch
Must step more gingerly toward them than the child

Whose limbs beware no bramble
Snags, or shy the stickweed spots
That nettle all the romp and ramble
For the guileless love-me-nots.

Only the blood that sires with the years
The cockles of its own oblivion
Turns on itself the moldering souvenirs
Of innocence: "This pistle sun

Is sprigged with starts of wings
Like stars splayed with a furze fanned into light,"
And salvages the moment that meant springs
Of dalliance, thinly bright

Through consequence: Beauty is not contained
By circumstance. Too late the judgment yearns
For vision to betray a pained
Deliverance: the eyesight merely burns;

The daisy blossoms on.
Better the blood had blessedness
Whose cause defies a paragon
Of love in strength or feeble nakedness,

And needs not plead to muster penitence,
But wafts the fool as well as floret stresses
The bland flotillas of magnificence:
Consider the daisy; consider our trespasses.

IV

In cordibus aruerat.—*St. Gregory.*

Saint Gregory's words debunk our hidden hooves:
The world itself is flourishing; within
The heart it perishes. Death proves
How equally we share the spoils of sin.

He has a point.
A Saint has salvos for our gibberish:
Relics we are, a havoc of the joint
Conspiracy that marries flesh and wish.

I whisper this:
Unless our hands turn every task to prayer
They will confess the nature of their fists
To pound our general flesh beyond repair

And past redemption. When
We nurse our skinny minds on puny stars
Whose nourishment defiles a grace of men
We feed a generation for the wars

That pledge a newer world, a better start.
Come, use the sun,
But let it rouse the wither in the heart:
Time may be late to seek the only one.

V

Empty voices in a vast room
Killing our reputations, telling our doom.
The man of God lives longer without a tomb.
The prince said,
"Words, words, words,"
To political envoys.
Saint Francis preached to birds,
Lyrical envois.

Vast voices in empty rooms.
When, tell me when the soul zooms.
Outside, the violet blooms and blooms
And blooms.

VI

Now you are as a lover forgotten
In the slow season of regret,
Or as the lines of a poem spoken
Too lovely to forget,
But forgotten.

You are forgotten, as I will be forgotten,
(Or am now, or would be),
Wanting havenspace, a swingless sea,
A poet, sweetly, sweetly dumb,
Till Kingdom Come.

You are forgotten, O entirely forgotten,
A dead man out of mind,
Except by your lovers, who are forgotten,
Or by this mind, this poem, both: dust.
King and kind:
Dust.

Forgotten as a flower forgotten.

All roses bloom like the second of a star.

The living remember only where their mirrors are.

TRIUMPH OF A PACK MOUSE

James D. McClister

MAGGIE leaned her head against the cold, dirty glass pane and watched the lights of the houses along the tracks, yellow and warm in the November dusk, as she sped on her way to a new life. She was leaving Oil City for good, still not sure whether to be thrilled by her newly found freedom or to take the money back to the bank before Monday morning. She still had two hours to decide before she boarded the train to New Orleans, which destination she had chosen for no good reason except that she wanted to see if Rampart Street looked as it had in *Saratoga Trunk*. She could imagine herself living there, being the mistress of some handsome gambler, drinking champagne with peaches in it, and having "quarts of jewels." She roused herself angrily, conscious that now, if ever, she must think clearly and logically.

She crossed her feet on the small suitcase at her feet and smiled slightly, thinking of the uproar at the bank when they discovered that Monday's draft of $100,000 was gone. There actually had been twice that much, but by way of easing her conscience, Maggie had taken only half. The girls would gather in the washroom, and whisper excitedly, each saying she had been the last to see Maggie, and they *thought* she "acted funny." Maggie was sorry to miss the excitement. She hadn't "acted funny" at all, because she hadn't thought about taking the money until she saw it lying in the open safe and realized how easy it would be to walk out of the bank forever. She had scarcely hesitated, but put half the money in her pocketbook, and then finished balancing her drawer before she left. On the way home she had been horror-struck at what she had done, but once in her living room with its drab, colorless furnishings she was glad she had done it. She almost didn't care whether she was caught, any kind of excitement would be better than the life of smothering monotony she had always led.

The train was pulling into Pittsburgh and her mind was made up. Some of her courage ebbed now, however, as she looked at the Bessemer converters spewing fire from their chimneys; she felt tremendously weak. She searched for someone or something to take the blame for her crime. "It's because I'm not pretty," she thought miserably. "If I had been pretty I would have been married long ago." People had so often told her what a strong face she had; she hated that broad flat face with the square chin. She was strong in her own way; she was a polished liar, capable of telling the most unfounded tale at any provocation. It was her pastime to fool people, and it was all the more fun because they didn't suspect this large square country girl of any dishonesties. She had never been caught yet, and she hoped that her one really great role would not be taken from her.

She wandered about the station looking curiously at the crowds, at the same time half-expecting to hear her name announced through the loud-speaker between strains of *None But The Lonely Heart*. "What would I do if I saw a familiar face?" she thought, knowing she would be incapable of making any sound if such a thing happened. With wildly thumping heart she went into a phone booth, closed the door, and lifted the receiver against her ear, just to be doing something. The stifling heat in the booth soon drove her out, and she walked onto the platform into the smoky air, blinking her eyes behind thick glasses. An old woman moved up beside her and asked her where she was going, as if to a child. Maggie, having regained control of herself, said she was waiting to meet a friend coming from Savannah, and felt inordinately pleased with herself. Mrs. North couldn't have been any cleverer in covering her tracks, and then she thought musingly that Mrs. North wouldn't approve of this sort of thing.

As she pushed open the reluctant door of her Pullman car she prickled with excitement as she saw the name, *Lake Hamilton*. She was glad she had decided not to go in the coach. It would be perfectly safe this way because no one ever noticed her anyhow. She sometimes felt as if she might be invisible, seeing people pass without a glance. She would, in a way, be paying them back, by taking advantage of their lack of interest. No one would ever remember her face, even to see it on the bulletin at the Post Office, she felt sure.

She idly watched a man talking to the conductor

(Continued on page 18)

SUMMER

Wm. Dickinson MacDonald

(Excerpts from *Ogunquit Heritage*, by the author.)

Few indeed are the East Coast children who have not climbed on the rocks. From the white coral of Key West to the granite jetties of Presque Isle, generations of children have known momentary paths on the rocks of our shore. It is the one caution of carefree youth which chooses quickly between the slippery and the dry rocks, and between the loose and the firm ones. For the child, the degree of ascent and the depth of the sea below are rare considerations beside the sureness of his foothold.

Peculiarly, this sureness of foothold has remained a constant in the more serious considerations of these children in their later years. Whatever their pursuits, the root—this foothold—is prerequisite.

A few have found a foothold in Maine, at Ogunquit.

* * *

Torn fishnets drying
By gray-shingled shanties,
Small children fishing
From rickety white footbridge,
Fat lobsters crawling
In Herbie's fishhouse tank;
Boats moored, cars parked,
People slowly walking
And idly talking—
This is the Cove: Perkin's Cove
On a hot Sunday afternoon.

Here's a study in prim white, green trim,
And gray and black
And sturdy lines;
A study in reticent masts and rusted shrouds.
This is the fishing fleet:
Proud Isabelle J. coming in
With cluttered pulpit and flying red diamond,
The timid Noma, gamesome Bluefin,
Cautious Viking, and roustabout Balchad;
There are more—a few professionals
And some for sport—
All, save the plodding lobstermen,
In business trim for the tuna hunt.

A few deep-water sailors find berth in the Cove
To beckon the everlasting controversy
Between motor and sail,
And to busy the harbormaster
Or his anonymous young satellites
At lifting the footbridge;
Swift Gigalon, blue sloop Holiday,
Ponderous Mandalay,
And all the rest—named and nameless,
Lend the gentler overtone
Of slapping halyards and drying sails.

* * *

And you know Cherry Lane—winding south
Between Isreal's Head and Frazier Pasture:
By day, a few summer cottages—
Green roofs and white chimneys
Just below the treetops.

By night, as the moon's light streams
Find new horizons,
This wooded passage is a playground
For nature's young:
While chipmunks, now bolder, romp to higher limbs
And forbidden stone walls,
The cricket's note is shriller,
And the frog, finding a new green podium,
Hails fellow swampbound creatures.
And there, you see, climbing the steps
By the road of Isreal's Head,
Two people—a boy and a girl—arms interlocked,
Laughing,
And finding a stride.

* * *

For the scampering, the running,
Or the tottering,
The call to the beach is the call to play.
While the trappings of shovel and bucket,

Ball and bat, or floats and deck chairs
'Neath gaily-colored umbrellas
Are progressive and ever-changing
With age,
Only wet and sandy feet are constant
And common to those
Who seek the heritage of Ogunquit where
The thunderous blue and green spends itself
On glistening white.

. . . Long walks, hand in hand,
'Mid the dunes where white sand screeches
Under bare feet,
Where sharp-bladed grass, dry flowers
And snarled seaweed are;
Then across to the riverbank:
To pick up a sand dollar
(And utter a word of disappointment
To see it crumble)
To overturn a shell—and another
And another;
To find a splintered, half-buried lobster pot
(And wonder at the winter storm which
Broke it and carried the fragments
Up the river or across the dunes);
To sit for a moment, to stare up
And to watch the effortless flight
Of a single gull,
And to hear the never-ceasing tumble
Of the breakers on the other side . . .

And on clear summer evenings
Young hearts and old companions
Gather on the beach near the picnic fire
Of scattered driftwood; they sing
The old songs and try some new ones,
But mostly they eat heartily
Of the new corn, fresh clams,
And pink lobstermeat—all steamed
And baked together in the
Salty brine of brown seaweed.
When the feast is done
And after the song, there is quiet
And closeness:
In every heart the past is awakened,
The future is close at hand, and the present
Is nowhere.
And by the dying fire—whose warmth is comfort
And whose glow is promise—
Someone will always lose the bottleopener.

More than a rock is Bald Head Cliff—
More than a landmark, and more than a thing to be seen;
She is a triumph of consistency;
A memory—generations of sunlit memory,
Generations of moonlit song.
In her shadow hides the immortal, darker
Shadow of Time, which, in its embrace,
Holds all.
Her lower thrusts and flats are a fit Hesperides
For Sunday painters and fishermen;
While on her crest,
Man can be closest to the wind and the sea,
And farthest from himself.

* * *

A lighter mark of summer Ogunquit, yet lasting
As the rocks and the sand,
Are her summer theaters: the paper-lanterned
Old Colony—now extinct,
And the Playhouse, whose white lights and pennants
Proclaim from mid-June to late August
The weekly playbill.

Magicians of light and carpentry and paint
Transform nightly the hot and drafty stage
To a farmhouse interior, a soaring ballroom,
A Burmese jungle, or an autumn day
For the players to amuse
A nodding, fanning, or laughing Ogunquit.

Off the stage, beach-tanned and sunglassed apprentices
In exotic garb parade defiantly through paper clouds
Of yellowed script, while imported and twice-noticed
Names
Seek places to seek to be sought—
Mostly at Bessie's, on the corner.

* * *

For the young and in love,
Ogunquit evenings are longest remembered.
A fire on the beach, a sail by moonlight,
Slow footsteps on the Marginal Way,
And a kiss at the wooden gate
Bring hearts closer,
Make people better.

Reviews

OUR VANISHING CIVIL LIBERTIES, By O. John Rogge, (287 pages), Gaer Associates, Inc., New York, $3.00.

Foreword by Thomas I. Emerson, Professor of Law, Yale University.

IT it a sure thing that this book will be greeted by the Mundts and Rankins with loud, choral cries of "Red Kremlin Communist!" Mr. Rogge, no communist, has taken issue with the current hysterical trends of witch hunting as a conscious American with a conscience. There is no denying that his stand requires courage.

As Yale's Professor Emerson says in the foreword, "the Anglo-American tradition of civil liberties is one of the greatest contributions ever made to civilized life," and that tradition is what the liberal author sees being sacrificed to demagoguery and fascistic power seekers. The picture Mr. Rogge paints is not pretty and cannot be dismissed as fantasy even though many readers will want to think so.

O. John Rogge is not new to crusades against the entrenched and powerful. In 1939 he entered the Justice Department and, in spite of big and little politicians, obtained indictments for the keymen in the Louisiana machine of Huey ("Kingfish") Long. As Assistant Attorney General, he handled the Nazi sedition case (1943-46) and uncovered evidence which linked a number of big Washington names to pro-Nazi activities. After a lecture at Swarthmore College Rogge, whose respect for the mighty did not include political "hushing-up," was dismissed by Attorney General Tom Clark, the report had become *secret*. The *Herald Tribune* carried this succinct headline: "PROSECUTOR WHO BARED NAZI U. S. PLOT DISMISSED AFTER WHEELER SEES TRUMAN." Rogge's unfortunate tendency to call a spade a spade thus ended his government career.

Since that time Rogge has served as legal counsel to those abused before the House Un-American Activities Committee and dismissed by President Truman's Loyalty Boards. It is on this activity that he has written this book; a book no one can afford to neglect.

The right of every person to "his day in court" does not seem to exist in the Star Chamber mentalities of the Un-American Activities Committee or the President's Loyalty Boards. A man may be accused on unstated charges by unknown persons and submitted to "character assassination" or dismissal from work with no appeal. The examples which the author has given of actual cases, with transcripts of the hearings are nightmarish. The atmosphere might fit contemporary Prague or Berlin of a few (a very few) years ago. The mentality of these extra-legal inquisitions is appallingly unintelligent and apparently unconscious of the flagrancy of the violations of the American Constitution.

Mr. Rogge wrote the Attorney General in 1946: "In my opinion, international fascism, though defeated in battle, is not dead . . . On the contrary, it is now in the process of post-war reconversion . . . The old familiar fascist faces are once again spouting the old familiar fascist lies." In this book he develops that conviction.

This is not a book which was written to please Republicans, Democrats or Progressives. It was written with a tremendous sense of urgency to bring the attention of the American public to the more sinister developments of the post-war scene. While many readers will not agree with Mr. Rogge's political credo (they are not, once again, Marxist), the main issue, OUR VANISHING CIVIL LIBERTIES, affects the future of all Americans.

—*R. W. Herbert.*

THE ROMANTIC IMAGINATION, C. M. Bowra; 292 pp., Harvard University Press. $4.50.

CECIL M. BOWRA has collected his Charles Eliot Norton lectures, which were given at Harvard during 1948-1949, under the title, *The Romantic Imagination*. Presented as they were delivered, and not transformed for publication, these essays are proof of Mr. Bowra's easy familiarity with the great men of literature. Essentially an expert in the classics, he explains that these lectures are not scholarly works but rather a reaction against the unjust handling his subject has received in recent years. Perhaps therein lies their charm and stimulation.

If the most important lobe of the Romantic brain had to be isolated for surgery, it would certainly be that lobe concerned with the imagination. It has been probed and dissected by sundry scholars but it is still a source of fascinating examination. Mr. Bowra rehashes its role in Romantic poetry and, by his intelligent observations, does some damage to the modern hypercriticism which scoffs at its very name. He deplores this, saying that the Romantics "combine imagination and *truth* because they are inspired and controlled by a peculiar insight" and therefore the imagination "cannot fairly be accused of being an escape from life or of being no more than an agreeable relaxation."

In his analysis, Mr. Bowra draws on the great Romantics from Coleridge to Rossetti and discusses at length such "popular" reading as "The Ancient Mariner," "Prometheus Unbound," and "Don Juan." He uses Blake for this competent judgment: "The essence of Romantic poetry is that in catching the fleeting moment of joy it opens the doors to an eternal world."

Professor Bowra, Warden of Wadham College and Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford, will be remembered by Trinity as last year's Moore Greek lecturer. His topic at that time was, "The Classical Background of English Poetry." He is the author of many scholarly works and his new book, *The Romantic Imagination*, may be profitably read by both friends and students of poetry and criticism.

—*Raymond M. Beirne.*

OUT OF THE SQUARE, By Peter de Polnay, 375 pp., New York: Creative Age Press, $3.00.

THE Piazza della Republica is the main square of Florence. Like the main squares of most war-torn cities, it became the post-war center of financial and moral intrigue. Its lush life attracts the evil and the near-evil, the good and the near-good. Peter de Polnay uses it as a *mise-en-scene* for his modern miracle story, *Out of the Square*.

After the debris and economy of war had been swept away in Florence, the black-market chancre remained. In de Polnay's book it is a highly organized and crafty business. Receiving a few packets of cigarettes from a central supply, grubby, shifty racketeers make their way to the Piazza whispering "sigarette Americane, Ingese, Swizzere" to likely-looking prospects, plaguing them with fictitious accounts of bombings, lost families, and physical disabilities. To be minus an eye or a limb was a distinct advantage to these beggars but with shrewdness, one might manage.

Of them all, fourteen-year old Ma-

rio was the shrewdest and most successful. He could speak German, English and Italian and was most adept at creating terrifying narratives which would insure him a sale or at least a sympathetic offering. He knew the weaknesses of his competitors and was smart enough to remain on friendly terms with the dog-peddler, the one-armed boy, the prostitutes.

He had business principles, too. Giovanna he disliked because she sold cigarettes made from butts picked up from the street. When he tried to throw her out of the square, she simply said: "I will pray for you." Mario became furious. Of course, he didn't know that she was the miracle. He couldn't get her out of his mind, however. When he saw the prosperous looking Englishman buy cigarettes from her, he felt compelled to warn the indiscriminate buyer—Humphrey Hatton.

Hatton, the neurotic son of a wealthy art connoisseur, had problems of his own but he solved them all by changing Mario from Giovanna's tormentor to her friend and protector. In rather pat fashion, Mario and the miracle save the guilt-ridden Mrs. Pucci, the cuckold Minotti, the ineffectual Mrs. Crocker, and de Polnay's finely drawn dilettante, Hector Darwin, who believes that Giovanna has turned his piece of bread into a beautiful rose. None of these people understands the miracle; certainly Mario doesn't. But Giovanna ends up in a nunnery, cloistered from a world which would have crushed her. Her various friends are left to drain happiness from contact with the purity of her heart.

A citizen of the world de Polnay is thoroughly familiar with unhealthy post-war Europe. However, he uses a few of its symptoms to prescribe a miracle and the reaction is weak—prognosis uncertain.

—*Raymond M. Beirne.*

THE GOSPEL AND OUR WORLD, *By Georgia Harkness, Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, Nashville, 126 pp., $1.50.*

THE Gospel and Our World is a consideration of contemporary Protestantism in America by one within the Church. Georgia Harkness, a Methodist minister and for many years a professor of religion and philosophy at Elmira College, Mount Holyoke, and other colleges, is also the author of some dozen short books on religion. Writing as a thoughtful minister for the concerned layman, she turns honestly and immediately to the problems of the contemporary Church without any introductory attempt to show the values of religion or to win the sceptical reader over to her attitude. She writes to convince those who are in essential agreement with her philosophy, and who feel the need for a change in the practice of the Church.

Though not new, her central idea is well stated. Miss Harkness shows that the Church today is doing the job of preaching the faith with respect and with merit, but it now lacks the zeal and courage which has many times marked Christianity, as a vital movement.

Step by step in each chapter, the author examines the general situation of the Church, its large membership, its considerable funds, the excellent quality and education of the pastors, and similar matters. The laity are found to be not very well educated in religion and unable to relate the precepts of Christianity to their ordinary affairs. The ministers are able and among the best educated of our citizens, but, and this is important, they have turned away from preaching traditional concepts of theology, upon which the whole force and meaning of the Gospel rest, to preaching sermons on morality, to discussing world problems from an ethical or humane point of view, to merely mouthing platitudes which the congregation may accept passively. The truths of the Gospel, the concepts of Sin and Forgiveness, the Incarnation of the Divine Personality in Jesus, the Atonement, the Resurrection are simply not heard from the pulpit. That the pastor should preach these key points of Christianity as the answer to the ills of a sin-sick world is her warm recommendation for a revitalized Church.

The second point in her criticism is: Protestantism is nearly without worship. The service of public worship is seldom what the name implies. The "worship" is a sermon framed by a brief pastoral prayer and a little music. Miss Harkness notes that worship is the theme of both the Roman Catholics and the Fundamentalists and suggests that their vitality to a large measure is to be attributed to that force.

Few can disagree with the points of criticism made in this honest appraisal of our modern Churches; however, many might be inclined to shift more emphasis from preaching to worship. It is hard to accept the idea that the vitality of the Church is fundamentally not based upon worship, rather than upon evangelism itself. The author would probably agree, but she fails in this book to give the emphasis to worship which it deserves. That the most brilliant preaching of sound theology could revitalize the Church without a corresponding rebirth of prayer and worship seems extremely doubtful.

Miss Harkness repeats to us what the Church has said to every age of conventional religion: the ministry, both lay and ordained alike, must preach the conceptual theology of the Gospel and in worship must revive their emotional conviction of Christianity's power. Miss Harkness briefly repeats David's injunction that the ministers of the Lord must be as the flame of fire.

—*Kenneth D. Thomas.*

MUSIC OF THE WORLD, Kurt Pahlen, tr. by James Galston; Crown Publishers, x—422 pp. $5.00.

DR. KURT PAHLEN, composer and formerly director of the Vienna State Opera and conductor of the Metropolitan Philharmonic Society of Buenos Aires has written a charming guide-book of the history of music. As in any musical Baedeker, however, its author must limit himself; Dr. Pahlen ignores the performers and literature for the organ and ensembles. This is pardonable because of their definitely limited following. But he errs the other way. We regret his extreme concern and attention to the opera and its sister, the operetta. *The Music of the World* is a popular-type well written history. It will especially please the scientific reader ("I only want to know where I can find it"), because of its fine collection of photographs and prints, and its General Index and Index of Compositions and Their Composers. Crown Publishers continues to add to its popular collection of musicology with Dr. Pahlen's history. Their other useful books are: Saminsky's *Living Music of the Americas, The Gramaphone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music,* Eaton's *Musical U.S.A., A Guide to Children's Records* and their fine *Dictionary of Musical Themes* compiled by Harold Barlow and Sam Morganstern.

—*F. S. B.*

THE MARKET FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES, Seymour E. Harris; Harvard University Press, XVI—207 pp., $4.00.

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS, Professor of Economics at Harvard University, was on its Committees on General Education and Educational Policy and by these tokens is especially suited to discuss the expected decrease of the market value of the college graduate. Testifying on general economic problems before a Senate Committee in 1948, he was opposed in his attitude that "college graduates would . . . exceed the market demand" by senators as far apart in their views as John Bricker and Glen Taylor. This opposition and the mixed relation from later articles only emphasized his discreet solitude—his preaching in the wilderness.

The Market for College Graduates is divided into two parts: Part I is a brief survey of the problem in which the essential analyses and conclusions are made, and Part II is a fuller documentation using some seventy carefully annotated charts and tables. Assuming there are still some legislators, educators and parents with the former traditional attitude of "show me," Mr. Harris has been careful to an extreme degree, disallowing the sentimental supporter of the "expanding economy" any basis for opposition.

Baldly, the problem is "Will the labor market absorb the college graduate with a just return for his education?" In 1940, there were three million college graduates; in 1949, four and one-half million; in 1968, there will be ten to fifteen million; and we are heading towards a college graduate population of thirty million, exclusive of twenty million with junior college diplomas. Will the number of openings in the professions increase accordingly; will the managerial occupations be able to absorb an increased percentage? It is expected that there will be a certain amount of increased absorption; however, it will not be proportional, nor will this disproportionate advance only have economic effects.

The "sheepskin" has often been a basis, along with income, for a social status. If the monetary value declines, it might cause a resultant social upheaval with attendant dissatisfactions. Further, Mr. Harris suggests that congestion of the labor market might be a basis for political disruptions. "In Germany, in 1933, new graduates were about twice as numerous as the opening . . . W. M. Kotschnig writes that 'the 40,000 or 50,000 workless university graduates in 1931-3 became, together with the unemployed subalterns of the old imperial army, the spearhead of the nationalist-socialist movement'." It's true that the United States has never had a large number of frustrated intelligensia, nor has it had unemployed and demilitarized regular soldiers; it has had its Bonus March and it has its established semi-military organizations. Will a dissatisfied Proletariat of the A.B. Degree grow up to parallel conditions in Europe during the 'Thirties?

Professor Harris also points up the anomalous and disturbing position of colleges—especially the private institutions. Colleges must keep or attempt to support the value of the degree they award for their alumni, and at the same time must matriculate enough students to keep the unit-cost of education within the limits of their endowment. The more the colleges recruit, the more graduate congestion there will be with a resultant decline of the market value of the degree. It seems that such groups as the American Association of University Professors—a fatuously titled guild—would be wise to consider this problem.

It is pointless to say that Mr. Harris is intelligible. His brief and concise treatment enhances the compelling nature of the problem. *The Market for College Graduates* should be read by those responsible for the role of higher education, by college administrators, legislators, and parents.

—*F. S. B.*

IN PRAISE OF HELEN HOKINSON

H. Burke

A STAID businessman is reading the *New Yorker* in Grand Central. The corners of his mouth turn upward, his face assumes a smirk, and then he breaks into a loud guffaw. Thrusting the magazine into the hands of a perfect stranger, he slaps at a cartoon and says, "That, sir, is my wife!"

This man has just seen one of the many cartoons of plump, suburban gentlewomen listening to a lecture at their Monday Afternoon Club, trying on dresses, or attempting, without much success, to mix a cocktail: "I've stumbled on a *marvelous* way to disguise the taste of Scotch!" Anyone who has seen these ladies window shopping along Fifth Avenue, arranging flowers at a church bazaar or scrutinizing antiques has said, "That's a Hokinson woman!" Their sumptuous figures correspond to the sumptuousness of their hats and clothing. The usually cocked angle of their hats contrast with the aplomb of their bearing. They appeal to us because we often see a bit of our mother in them, or perhaps an aunt. They appeal to women because they sometimes see a bit of themselves. Their attitude is one of innocence, naivete, and girlishness.

Their world was Miss Hokinson's world—one of simple pleasures like garden shows and tea parties, a world of the dilettante: "I don't really *like* Bach, but I respect him." While representing a more idle part of society by reputation, these ladies are far from idle. They fold bandages, entertain the local parson, and attend meetings of the Parent Teachers' Association or League of Women Voters. It is through their efforts that a town can afford the luxuries of imported culture, a benefit ball, or a delicious salad from *Harper's Bazaar*. They are always absorbed in helping others: "Miss Whitehead has come to tell us how to amuse the sailors."

The Hokinson woman is so universal that it is almost difficult to call her a type. While not overly intellectual, she has a constant desire to improve her mind. She is always concerned with world problems and, like most of us, somewhat ineffectual in her attempts to solve them: "There is also another very grave question for us to decide: *What* shall we do with Germany?" She is also concerned with the important trivialities of life such as whether or not candles should be lighted on a luncheon table or what kind of wine you should serve to a clergyman.

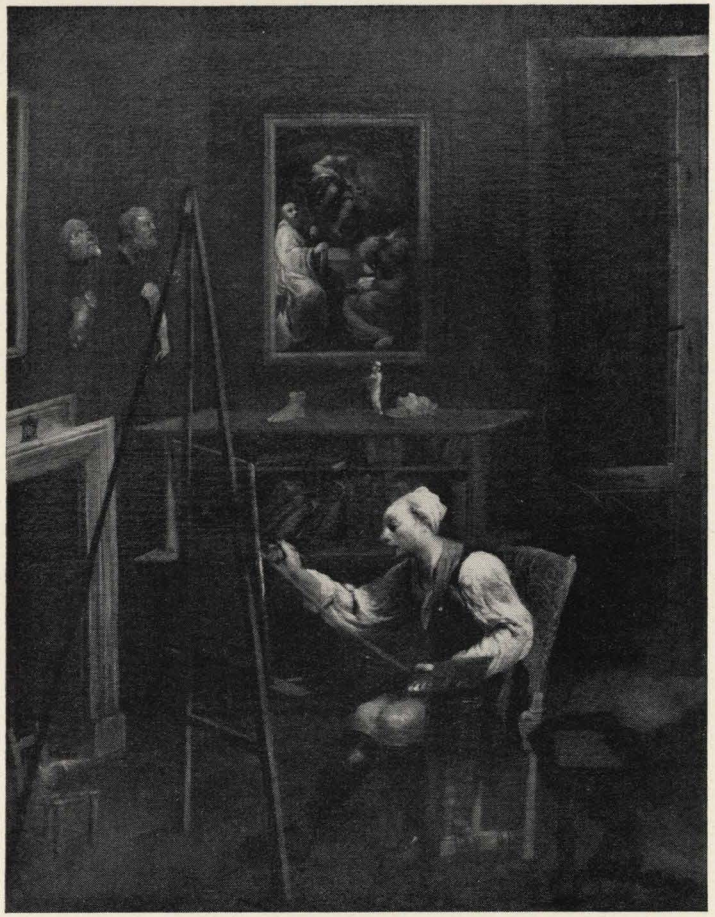
Miss Hokinson's satire was as gentle as the strokes of her pencil. As a *New York Herald Tribune* editorial says, she did not like to be considered a satirist because she pointed no moral. She called them "my girls" and believed in everything they said. Writing in the September *Cosmopolitan*, Miss Hokinson said this about her girls: "Their great charm is their innocent seriousness about everything they do and say and if they were the least bit knowing about it the humor would be gone." Consequently when one of her ladies is driving in Vermont and is stopped by a policeman she says, "Oh dear, don't tell me Vermont has a lot of rules!"

It is delightful the way their minds run off on utterly feminine tangents. One lady while looking at a statue of Romulus and Remus being suckled by the wolf remarks, "You'd think George and Emily would patch things up for the children's sake." Buried in a newspaper another exclaims, "Why Stalin has a dimple, I never noticed it before!"

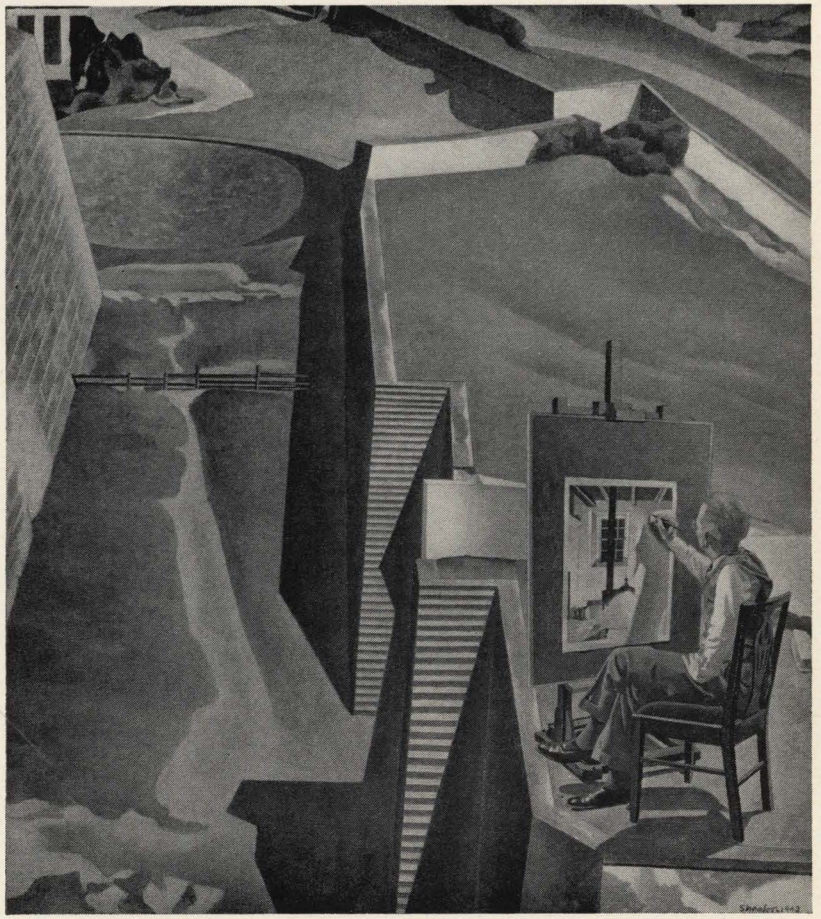
These are the alumnae of Wellesley, Vassar, and Smith in the prime of life whether they will it or no. One illustration shows two portly matrons at a reunion standing foot to foot, bosom to bosom, one greeting the other with, "Why, hello there, badminton champion!"

Helen E. Hokinson drew some 1500 cartoons for the *New Yorker* and innumerable covers. She lived in Wilton, Connecticut and was fifty-four years old. It may be truly said that she died for the way of life in which she believed. She was on her way to help a friend boost a Community Chest drive in Washington, D. C., when her plane collided just as it was reaching its destination.

Her greatness and skill lie in the fact that she took something conventional and familiar in life and created something of richness, subtlety, and abundant humor. She will be greatly missed.



G. M. CRESPI (1655-1747)
Self Portrait



C. SHEELER (1883-)
The Artist looks at Nature

Courtesy of Wadsworth Atheneum.

Kansas Farm

(Continued from page 7)

the two children and the father sat on the one remaining piece of equipment—the bed springs from a small cot, covered by an ancient quilt. Father groaned as he eased his hulk onto the cramped space.

"Well now, ain't this cozy? Kinda nice to be here again in a way, ain't it?" Mother glared at him. "Melvin, make your paw a sandwich, will ya? Good boy. Yes sir, like I heard in town afore dinner, should be over real soon."

* * *

"Nothin' like the way you sing those old hymns, Mother. Makes the time pass along, too. Should be over real . . ." He paused. It was unmistakable. Anyone who had ever seen, heard, or waited all the way through a Kansas tornado could never miss that sound. It was like a huge mowing machine, sweeping along clipping the earth. The drone wasn't too close yet. Had anyone else heard it? "Mother, how 'bout a few sayin's from the Bible to kinda pass the time? I love to hear ya read."

She picked up the book and read, "But the man who buildeth his house in the sand . . ."

Surely they all heard it by now, the father thought. Yes, his wife put down the Bible and listened. Effie ran and sat in her mother's lap and cuddled up close. Melvin sat up on the bed springs and looked at his father.

"Don't reckon we'll need it, but a little honest prayin' ain't never hurt no one." The wind was growing steadily louder now. They could hear it whip along the ground and through the barn yard. "Dear God in heaven, I ain't much to be askin' favors off you, but I feel maybe I got a right 'cuz I take such good care of some of your earth, here." It was like a roar now, the roar of an enraged lion, maddened by the precautions man had taken in expectation of his coming, making his job of destruction more difficult. "Y'know God, I'd kinda like to keep it and see if I could do somp'in else with it, somp'in better. An' God, to do that I need my house 'n barn, so I'd be sorta glad if maybe you could bypass us." The trees and fences were beginning to crack now, as if in answer to John's self-centered plea. "An' our neighbors too; they do good things in your name. Kinda watch over us please?" The wind howled louder at this, even muffling the man's pleas. The four of them huddled closer together and John went on. " 'Course Lord, if you think it's right, I'll gladly sacrifice 'n start all over—build again and replant and work your land again. I would so's to care for my family and so's to take care of your good soil. What you do is right. Please watch over me and m' family 'n loved ones 'n keep 'em safe. Through Jesus our Saviour. Amen."

With one final blast, the tornado swirled away as rapidly as it had arrived. The little group waited silently. Finally, Father quietly unbolted the door. Only he made a move to go up and out into the silence. He climbed slowly and gradually disappeared from the view of the family. For a moment all was silent again. And then his strong clear voice carried down to them.

"God, I made you a promise in my prayin', so I reckon we got a heap of buildin' and plantin' to be done."

Triumph of a Pack Mouse

(Continued from page 10)

on the opposite side of the platform door and saw his lips move rapidly as he opened his billfold to show to the conductor, who nodded and opened the door for the man to pass into the car. He walked slowly down the aisle looking at each passenger; Maggie's throat seemed to constrict, her head throbbed, she could scarcely get her breath. The police! She fixedly watched him draw nearer, unable to take her eyes from him, although she realized she might be giving herself away. As he came abreast of her seat, she turned her head to the window and closed her eyes. She sensed, rather than saw, that he stopped beside her, and the muscles in her legs grew tight and her stomach ached with the tension. Suddenly a child cried out and as Maggie looked up, startled, a little girl ran down the aisle to the man and threw her arms about his legs. He picked the child up and carried her away, both laughing and talking at the same time. Maggie leaned back, and her stomach quivered with something akin to mirth as she lit her first cigarette with trembling hand.

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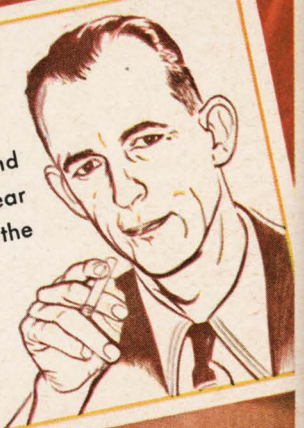

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For Chesterfield Contest see page 15